
Title: A Poem

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Evan the stones
Are impateint
As a black shroud
Of years is as one
day.
Rocks are heard to
resurrect,
By innocent eye
glasses conquerd,
Near a synagogue of
children,
Now lost somewhere
on abandonded fields.
Jets over ashen
heavens,
Cover the heads of
piolets,
We remembering
Neighbors,
Who will not look back
at you.
The wind has loosed
itself,
From a half century
of murdered lines,
An obituary of stars,
Notices only the
nights breathing.